

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

## Poetry.

From the Christian Citizen.  
Captain Drayton.

In a dungeon, dark and dreary,  
Cheerless, helpless, and alone,  
With the damp earth for his pillow,  
With his couch the unyielding stone;  
With no friendly hand to aid him,  
No kind voice his soul to cheer,  
I beheld a brother lying—  
Wherefore does he linger here?

By what crime, what deed atrocious,  
Has he won the felon's doom?  
Hidden from the blessed sunlight,  
In this prison's gloomy gloom,  
'Gainst a brother's life, or freedom,  
Did he raise his hand to fight?  
Not he dared, with dauntless spirit,  
To do battle for the right.

He had read the glorious language,  
On the Gospel's page displayed—  
"Of one blood earth's countless nations  
By a father's hand were made."  
And upon the negro's forehead,  
By his truthful spirit scanned,  
He beheld the stamp of manhood,  
Graven by the Eternal's hand.

Where the banner-star bespangled,  
Of a great republic waves,  
With a true heart's indignation,  
He beheld his brethren—slaves!  
For their sakes, his home he quitted,  
Perilous freedom, life and fame;  
Risked his all—a sacrifice,  
Worthy of a martyr's name.

'Tis for this I see him lying,  
In that dungeon, dark and lone,  
Even within the city bearing  
The loved name of Washington.  
Toll it not to Europe's millions,  
Panting, struggling, to be free,  
That 'tis thus a Liberator  
On the soil of Liberty.

Had he in a land barbaric,  
For a white man's freedom sought,  
By some heathen in his darkness,  
Into hopeless bondage brought;  
He had won a wreath of glory,  
By his country's voice decreed,  
And a shout of admiration,  
Had approved the generous deed.

But when in a Christian nation,  
Slavery lifts its hateful face,  
And the white man holds in bondage,  
Brethren of a darker race;  
'Tis a crime, a deed atrocious  
To obey the voice of God,  
To release the weary captive,  
Break the oppressor's shameful rod.

Be it so; on Slavery's altar,  
Let the living victims stand;  
Heaven's free winds shall waft the story,  
To the earth's remotest strand;  
And where'er the gorgeous banner  
Of the great Republic waves,  
Men shall think, with pitying horror,  
Of the Christian land of slaves.

## Ode to the Bed.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Oh, Bed! oh, Bed! delicious Bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;  
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,  
To the head with a wakeful trouble—  
'Tis held by such a delicate lease:  
To one a place of comfort and peace,  
All stuffed with the down of noble geese,  
To another with only the stubble!

To one, a perfect balmy nest,  
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
And soft as the fur of the coney—  
To another, so restless for body and head,  
That the bed seems borrowed from Nettlebed,  
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first class carriage of ease,  
To the land of Nod, or where you please;  
But alas! for the watchers and weepers,  
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,  
With an anxious brain,  
And thoughts in a train  
That does not run upon sleepers!

Wide awake as the mousing owl,  
Night hawk, or other nocturnal fowl—  
But more profitless vigils keeping,  
Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
As if that croak-back'd tyrant, Care,  
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light  
Is quenched by the providential night,  
To render our slumber more certain,  
Fly, pity the wretches that weep,  
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep,  
When God himself draws the curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow beats,  
And sirs the blankets and smooths the sheets,  
And gives the mattress a shaking—  
But vainly Betty performs her part,  
If a rolled head and a rumpled heart  
As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,  
Where other people would make preserves,  
He turns his fruit into pickles:  
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
At night his own sharp fancies a prey,  
He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way.

Tormenting himself with his prickles,  
But a child—that bids the world good night  
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite—  
A cherub no art can copy;  
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie,  
As if he had supped on drowsy pie,  
(An ancient classical dish, by the by.)  
With sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, Bed! Bed! delicious Bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,  
Whether lofty or low its condition?  
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,  
In our blankets how oft we toss ourselves,  
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves  
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

## Miscellaneous.

### The Fall of Rome.

S. MARGARET FULLER, an American Woman living at Rome, thus describes a letter to the Tribune, some of the most exciting events of the recent bombardment!

The night of the 21st—22d, we were all alarmed about 2 o'clock A. M. by a tremendous cannonade. It was the moment when the breach was finally made by which the French entered. They rushed in, and, I grieve to say, that by the only instance of defection known in the course of the siege, those companies of the regiment Union, which had in charge a casino on that point, yielded to panic and abandoned it. The French immediately entered and intrenched themselves. That was the fatal hour for the city. Every day afterward, though obstinately resisted, they gained, till at last, their cannon being well placed, the city was entirely commanded from the Janiculum, and all thought of further resistance was idle.

After the 22d, the slaughter of the Romans became every day more fearful. Their defenses were knocked down by the heavy cannon of the French, and, entirely exposed in their valorous onsets, great numbers perished on the spot. Those who were brought into the Hospitals were generally grievously wounded, very commonly subjects for amputation. My heart bled daily more and more at these sights, and I could not feel much for myself, though now the balls and bombs began to fall round me also. The night of the 28th the effect was truly fearful, as they whizzed and burst near me. As many as 30 fell upon or near the Hotel de Russie, where Mr. Cass has his temporary abode. The roof of the studio in the pavilion, tenanted by Mr. Stiermer, well known to the visitors of Rome, for his highly-finished cabinet pictures, was torn to pieces. I sat alone in my much-exposed apartment thinking "If one strikes me, I hope it will kill me at once, and that God will transport my soul to some sphere where Virtue and Love are not tyrannized over by egotism and brute force, as in this." However, that night passed; the next we had reason to expect a still more fiery salute to the Pincian, as here alone remained three or four pieces of cannon which could be used. But the morning of the 30th, in a contest at the foot of the Janiculum, the line, old Papal troops, naturally not in earnest like the free corps, refused to fight against odds so terrible, the heroic Marra fell, with hundreds of his devoted Lombards. Garibaldi saw his best officers perish, and himself went in the afternoon to the Assembly that further resistance was unavailing.

Toward the evening of Monday, 2d July, it was known that the French were preparing to cross the river and take possession of all the city. I went into the Corso with some friends; it was filled with citizens and military, the carriage was stopped by the crowd near the Doria palace; the lancers of Garibaldi galloped along in full career, I longed for Sir Walter Scott to be on earth again, and see them; all are light athletic, resolute figures, many of the forms of the finest manly beauty of the South, all sparkling with its genius and ennobled by the resolute spirit, ready to dare, to do, to die. We followed them to the piazza of St. John Lateran. Never have I seen a sight so beautiful, so romantic and so sad. Whoever knows Rome knows the peculiar solemn grandeur of that piazza, scene of the first triumph of Rienzi, the magnificence of the "mother of all churches," the Baptistery with its porphyry columns, the Santa Scala with its glittering mosaics of the early ages, the obelisk standing fairest of any of those most imposing monuments of Rome, the view through the gates of the Campagna, on that side so richly strewn with ruins. The sun was setting, the crescent moon rising, the flower of the Italian youth were marshaling in that solemn place. They had been driven from every other spot where they had offered their hearts as bulwarks of Italian Independence; in this last strong hold they had sacrificed hecatombs of their best and bravest in that cause; they must now go or remain prisoners and slaves. Where go, they knew not, for except distant Hungary there is not now a spot which would receive them, or where they can act as honor commands. They had all put on the beautiful dress of the Garibaldi legion, the tunic of bright red cloth, the Greek cap, or else round hat with Puritan plume, their long hair was blown back from resolute faces; all looked full of courage; they had counted the cost before they entered on this perilous struggle; they had weighed life and all its material advantages against Liberty, and made their election; they turned not back, nor flinched at this bitter crisis. I saw the wounded, all that could go, laden upon their baggage cars, some were already pale and fainting, still they wished to go. I saw many youths, born to rich inheritance, carrying in a handkerchief all their worldly goods; the women were ready, their eyes too were resolved, if sad. The wife of Garibaldi followed him horseback, he himself was distinguished by the white bournouse; his look was entirely that of a hero of the middle ages, his face still young, for the excitement of his life, though so many, have all been youthful, and there is no fatigue upon his brow or cheek. Fall

or stand, one sees in him a man engaged in the career for which he is adapted by nature. He went upon the parapet and looked upon the road with a spy-glass, and, no obstruction being in sight, he turned his face for a moment back upon Rome, then led the way through the gate. Hard was the heart, stony and seared the eye that had no tear for that moment. Go! fated, gallant band, and if God care not indeed for men as for the sparrows, most of ye go forth to perish. And Rome, anow the Niobe! Must she lose also these beautiful and brave that promised her regeneration and would have given it, but for the perfidy, the overpowering force of the foreign intervention.

I do not know whether they were really so bewildered by their priestly counselors as to imagine they would be well received in a city which they had bombarded, and where twelve hundred men were lying wounded by their assault. To say nothing of the justice or injustice of the matter, it could not be supposed that the Roman people, if it had any sense of dignity, would welcome them. However, I was not out, as what countenance I have I would not give on such an occasion; but an English lady, my friend, told me they seemed to look expectantly for the strong party of friends they had always pretended to have within the walls. The French officers looked up to the windows for ladies, and she being the only one they saw, saluted her. She made no reply. They then passed into the Corso. Many were assembled, the softer Romans being unable to control a curiosity the Milanese would have disclaimed, but persevering an icy silence. In an evil hour, a foolish priest dared to break it by the cry of *Viva Pio Nono*. The populace, roused to fury, rushed on him with their knives. He was much wounded; one or two others were killed in the rush. The people howled, then, and hissed at the French, who, advancing their bayonets, and clearing the way before them, fortified themselves in the piazzas. Next day the French troops were marched to and fro through Rome to inspire awe into the people, but it has only created a disgust amounting to loathing, to see that, with such an imposing force, and in great part fresh, the French were not ashamed to use bombs also, and kill women and children in their beds. Oadinet, then, seeing the feeling of the people, and finding they pursued as a spy any man who so much as showed the way to his soldiers—that the Italians went out of the cafes if Frenchmen entered; in short, that the people regarded him and his followers in the same light as the Austrians, has declared the state of siege in Rome. The Press is stifled—everybody is to be in the house at 9 P. M. and, whoever in any way insults his men, or puts any obstacle in their way, is to be shot.

I am sick of breathing the same air with men capable of a part so utterly cruel and false. As soon as I can I shall take refuge in the mountains, if it be possible to find an obscure nook unpurged by these convulsions. It makes me sick to see the palaces and streets of Rome full of these injurious foreigners, and to see the already changed aspect of her population. The men of Rome had begun, filled with new hopes, to develop unknown energy; they walked quick, their eyes sparkled, they delighted in duty, in responsibility; in a year of such life their effeminacy would have been vanquished—now, dejectedly, unemployed, they lounge along the streets, feeling that all the implements of labor, all the ensigns of hope, have been snatched from them. Their hands fall slack, their eyes rove aimless, the beggars begin to swarm again, and the black ravens who delight in the night of ignorance, the slumber of sloth, as the only surer for their rule, emerge daily more and more frequent from their hiding places.

## How Crime is Punished in California.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

Notwithstanding the variety of population so suddenly thrown together, and coming from all parts of the habitable globe, there is the most perfect respect paid to law and justice—no man, high or low, escapes a merited punishment. As the people at present have no written code of laws, or system of government to enforce, they by common consent and mutual understanding, adopted the following course of action: Whenever a camp is formed at which ten or more persons locate themselves, they meet and elect from among them by popular suffrage, one person to act as alcalde, (civil magistrate,) before whom are brought all cases of a civil character, which are tried and decided according to sworn evidence—there is no appeal from his decision, and every person must conform to this system of government, or he is liable to be arraigned as a criminal, and then two to one he gets a flogging, or is driven out of camp in disgrace. In every camp a sound, sensible, practical man has been elected, and the dignity, form and ceremony observed at the alcalde's office, might be imitated to advantage in some of the inferior courts in the States. A fee is allowed the alcalde in all cases, so that he can without loss devote his exclusive time to the business of the public.

Criminal cases are decided differently. Whenever a man commits any act against the peace and order of the camp, he is at once arrested and brought before the alcalde with a specification and the evi-

dence on both sides of the offence; the alcalde without delay summons a jury of twelve men to try the criminal, who selects whom he pleases to defend him, and the judge selects a prosecutor, after all the proceedings are terminated, the alcalde charges the jury to bring a true verdict according to the evidence. Some of the verdicts are a little singular in their character and they may be laughed at, but no one can criticize their straightforward justice. I will give you a specimen, and then you can judge for yourself. A man was charged with killing another—the jury brought in a verdict "that the person committed the act was justifiable, as he had been attacked, but that he was always ready to quarrel and fight, and dangerous to the peace and good order of the camp, and therefore he must leave the country in thirty days; failing to do which, he should be shot down by the first person laying eyes on him."

Another case was that of a merchant who caught a Spaniard stealing from him; he fell on the offender and commenced striking him with his fist, but after a few blows the fellow fell dead at the feet of the merchant. The jury brought in a verdict that the merchant was justifiable in whipping the Spaniard when he caught him stealing, and that the killing was accidental; therefore they acquitted him. A person charged with maltreating an aged man and destroying some of his property, the jury found him guilty and sentenced him to receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, to labor in the mines until he should reimburse the man for the destroyed property, and afterward quit the country. Every part of this rigorous sentence was faithfully executed. A fellow had stolen some property and was convicted—it was in a musquito region—he was sentenced to be stripped naked and tied so that the musquitos could peg him for an hour, unless he should sooner tell where all the property was secreted. After he had been exposed to the attack of the musquitos for fifteen minutes, he returned all the property.

THE FIRST VIRGINIA COLONY.—Speaking of the "one hundred and five men," "destined to form the first colony of Virginia," Hildreth, in the first volume, now just published, of his History of the United States, says: "Of this small number, forty-eight were 'gentlemen,' persons brought up to esteem manual labor as degrading. There were but twelve laborers, four carpenters, and a few other mechanics. The rest were soldiers and servants. The leaders were Wingfield, a merchant, one of those named in the charter as projector of the colony; Gougeon, whose voyage, already mentioned, had revived the spirit of colonization; Hunt, the Chaplain, and John Smith, an energetic adventurer, the historian of the enterprise in which he played a conspicuous part." "The proportion of 'gentlemen' and working people, in 'the Old Dominion,' has been wonderfully preserved."—*Lynn Pioneer*.

WEAR OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.—The 710,000 tons of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara, are estimated to carry a foot of the cliff every year. Taking this average, and adopting the clear geological proof that the fall once existed at Queenstown, four miles below, we must suppose a period of twenty thousand years occupied in this recession of the cataract to its actual site—while in the Delta of the Mississippi, nearly 14,000 square miles in extent, an estimate founded on its present rate of increase, and on a calculation of the amount of earth matter brought down the stream, has justified Mr. Lyell in alleging that sixty-seven thousand years must have elapsed since the formation of this great deposit began.—*Quarterly Review*.

"My highest idea of terrestrial luxury," says Horace Greeley, in an autobiographical letter to a friend, "is a well-tempered room, a good shelf of books, no children annoying me, or printers calling for copy, but to lie all one whole blessed day on the sofa and read. But I must live long to see such a day."

CHOLERA.—PROFANITY.—Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in his sermon on Saint Zachary's Day, spoke of profanity as one of the sins which had provoked God to visit the nation with the cholera. Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, takes occasion thereupon to say: "We believe profane eating, profane drinking, profane butchering, profane whiskey-making (in cities), profane tallow-melting, profane bone-boiling, and the creation of profane sinks in various ways, have combined to bring the Cholera upon us. Profane swearing, being a sin, must surely be punished, but we think in some more appropriate way. However, 'let every one be persuaded in his own mind.'"

EXTREME MODESTY.—The Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor tells a story of two prim ladies who entered a complaint against a neighbor for bathing in a stream five hundred yards from their door, and when asked how they could recognise him at that distance, replied, "oh, we used a spy glass!" A great deal of what passes for modesty in this "great country" is of the quality of that exhibited by those "prim ladies."

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## NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to those desirous of entering upon a course of Medical studies or of receiving instruction in Anatomy and Physiology alone, that he is prepared to accept students upon liberal terms, and can offer some inducements, which the generality of private physicians do not possess. And as he is desirous of woman approximating her true sphere of usefulness, a perfect equality with man, and as the advanced state of education in this country now demands that she also shall reap the benefit of solid scientific acquirements, he would encourage females to devote a portion of their time and talents to the acquisition of knowledge in the above branches which as women so intimately concerns her own welfare and her station in life as a wife and mother. To any such who may think fit to place themselves under his instruction, particular care and attention shall be paid, so that they shall have no cause to regret having entered upon a study both elevating and useful in its tendencies, though sometimes irksome or tedious in its preliminary steps and at present too unusual for females in this country. Also feels prepared to perform all operations pertaining to his profession as Surgeon, particularly the correction of deformities and removal of tumors.

K. G. THOMAS, Marlborough, Stark Co., O., July 20, 1849.

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Dec. 20.

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